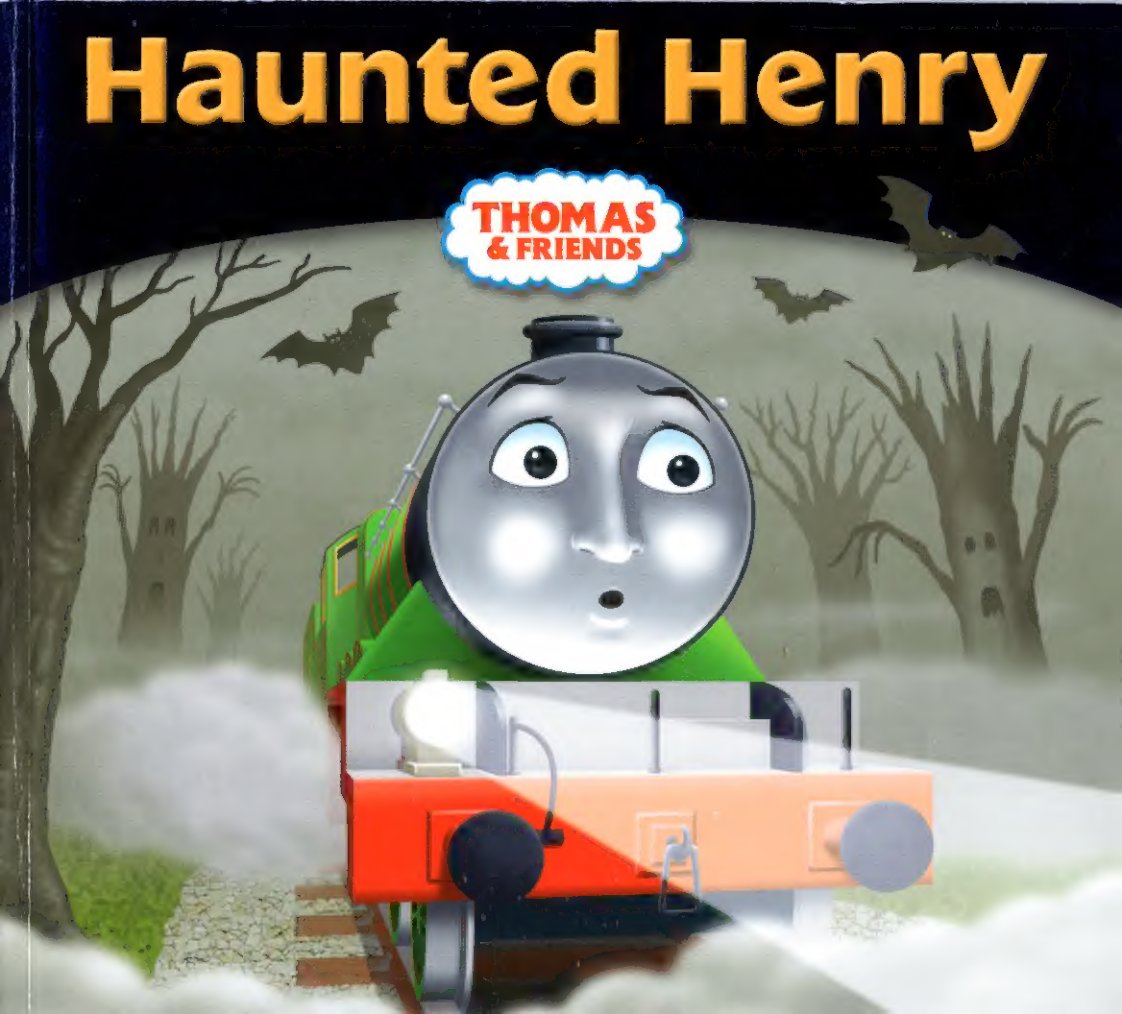
Haunted Henry



Haunted Henry

Based on *The Railway Series* by the Rev. W. Awdry

Illustrations by
Robin Davies

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Thomas the Tank Engine & Friends™

CREATED BY BRITT ALLCROFT

Based on the Railway Series by the Reverend W Awdry
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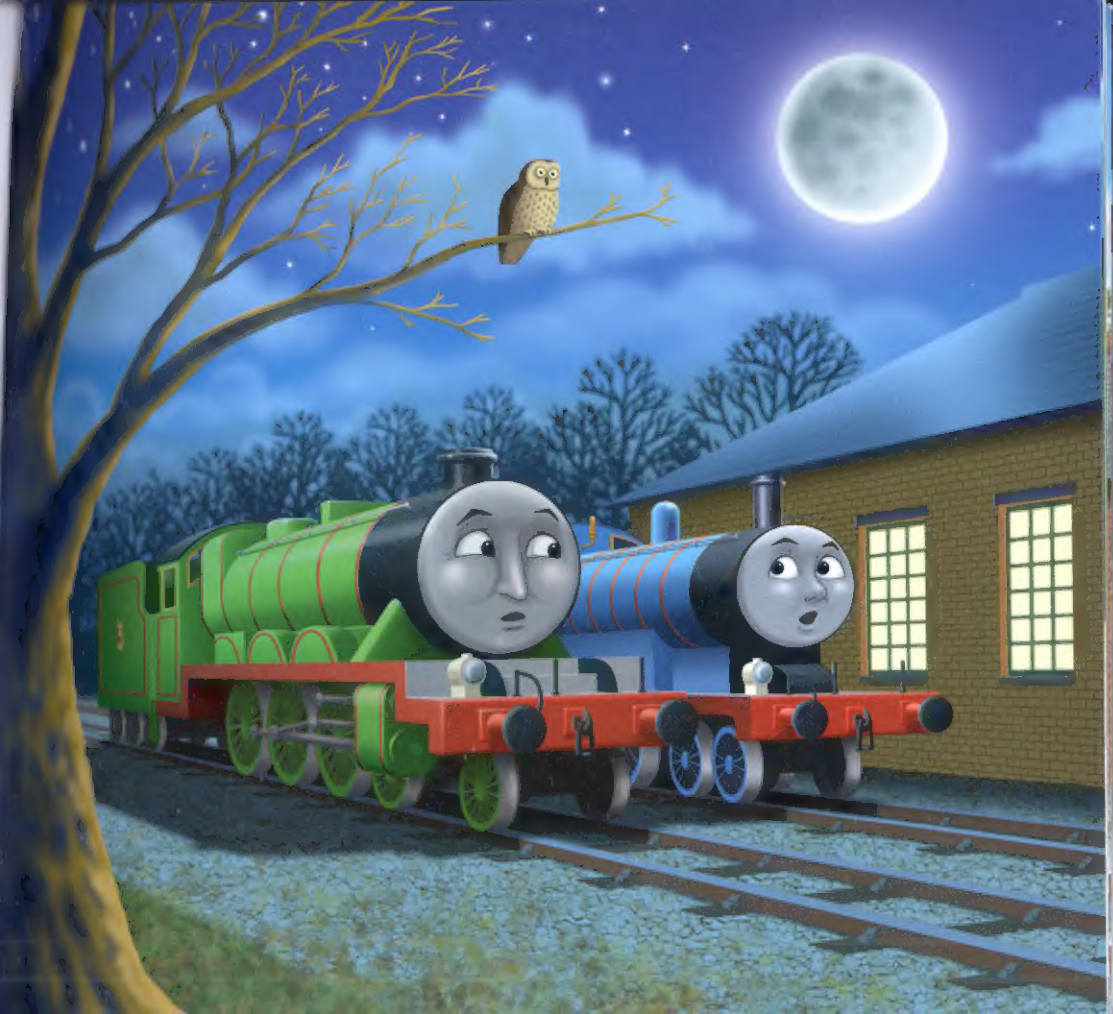
TO THE TRAINS

This is a story about Henry, who said he didn't believe in ghosts. But one misty, autumn night, some spooky things began to happen that Henry couldn't explain . . .

It was a moonlit autumn night on the Island of Sodor. The Fat Controller had given Henry and Edward special jobs to do. Henry's job was to take a goods train along the old line.

As they waited for their trains, the engines heard the hoot of an owl.

"There's a legend that when that old owl hoots, a mist rolls in," said Edward. "They say it brings the ghost of a Fogman who got lost in the mist long ago and was never found!"



"I don't believe in ghosts," Henry snorted with a puff of steam. "And neither should you. Don't you have enough to do without scaring yourself with silly stories?"

But as Henry steamed off with his goods train, he couldn't help thinking about Edward's story. "Owls, mists, ghosts," he grumbled to himself. "Edward's going soft in the boiler. There's no mist tonight."

But Henry was wrong. As he chuffed down the old line, a thick blanket of mist settled over the rails. He could hardly see anything but the dark, spooky trees on either side of him.

Through the mist, Henry saw a dim glow ahead. "What's that?" he asked, fearfully.

"It's an amber lamp," his Driver said, as they got closer. "It's a warning for us to be careful."

Henry crept slowly forwards. He soon came to a tree with a sign that read: BEWARE THE VIADUCT.

"Strange," said the Driver. "There's a Fogman's coat hanging near that red signal. Who's there?" he called. But no one answered.

"Didn't Edward say the ghost was a Fogman?" Henry puffed, nervously.

"But you don't believe in ghosts, Henry," his Fireman teased. "Shall we go back to the Yard?"

Henry didn't answer. He just steamed away as fast as his wheels would carry him.

BEWARE
THE
VIADUCT

By the next morning, the mist had cleared. A workman reported to Henry's Driver that the viaduct was unsafe and being repaired.

"We're lucky that we didn't cross it last night," puffed Henry.

"Yes, but we still don't know who lit the amber lamp as a warning," said his Driver. But Henry knew who had done it – the ghost!

And when he learned that he was to take another train over the viaduct that very night, Henry's wheels whirred with worry.

Just then, Thomas chuffed into the yard. Henry told him about the legend and the spooky things he had seen the night before.

"Rubbish," Thomas laughed, cheekily. "Every engine knows there are no such things as ghosts!"

"You weren't there," Henry puffed, with a shiver. "If you're so sure, why don't you take my train down the old line tonight?"

"N-no, th-thank you!" Thomas peeped, backing away. "I've got a busy day tomorrow and need my rest!" And he wheeshed away as fast as he could.

By nightfall, Henry's firebox was sizzling nicely, but he was still worried. As he waited for his Driver, he heard the owl hoot again. And when Gordon raced past like a clap of thunder, Henry almost jumped off the rails.

"Look, Henry's spooked!" laughed a truck, rudely. The other trucks giggled, "Scaredy engine! Scaredy engine!"

"I'm not scared," Henry said, bravely. But it wasn't really true.

As Henry shunted his trucks down the old line, the mist returned, thicker than the night before. Once again, he saw the amber light glowing through the gloom.

"Here we go again," his Driver said. "Steady now."

The warning sign was still on the tree. "There's the Fogman's coat again!" Henry gasped as he rolled forwards, inch by inch.

The trucks had stopped laughing. Now they were as scared as Henry!

Suddenly, the signal ahead went red and the gates closed shut by themselves. A light flickered in the old station house, and a mysterious figure appeared at the window.

"A ghost! A ghost!" cried the trucks. "Faster, faster!"

The frightened trucks jumped down the line and crashed through the gates, taking Henry with them.

"Stop, stop!" shouted Henry, but the trucks sped on.

Up ahead, Henry saw that a landslide of rocks had fallen on the rails. He had to stop! Henry's Driver applied the brakes so hard that they screeched. Henry managed to stop the train just in time to avoid a crash!

"Well done!" said his Driver.

Just then, they heard a strange, creaky sound. "There's your ghost, Henry," smiled the Fireman. "I think he's chasing us."

Henry's Driver looked closer. "It's Old Bailey, the Fogman!"

"I tried to warn you about the viaduct," Old Bailey told them, as he stopped his rusty pump trolley.

"We're sorry we ignored your warning," said Henry's Driver. "We thought the viaduct was clear. How can we thank you?"

"I'd like to open this old station again," replied Old Bailey. "And I promise I won't scare Henry any more!"

Soon after, Old Bailey's wish was granted. The station opened again with a grand celebration. Instead of a red Fogman's coat, Old Bailey wore a blue Stationmaster's uniform and cap.

"You will be Really Useful by warning us of any danger," said The Fat Controller. "Let's hear a big thank you to the friendliest 'ghost' on Sodor!"

Henry whistled, happily. He always knew there were no such things as ghosts!

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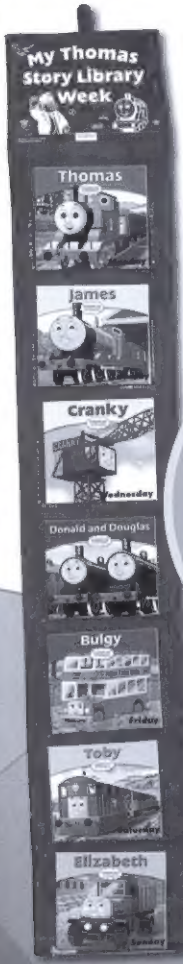

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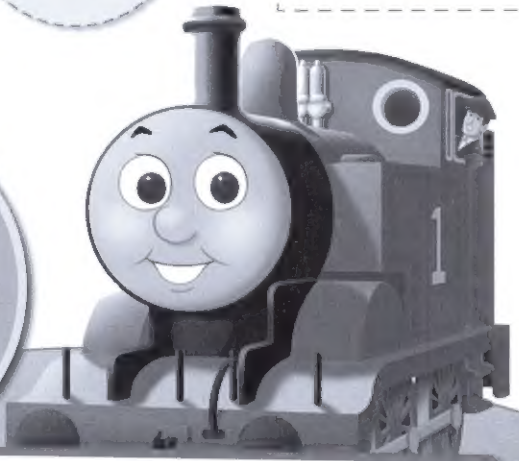

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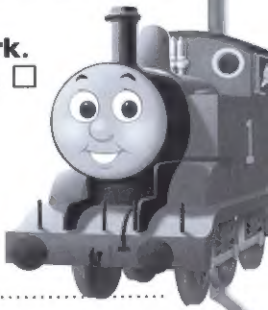

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